New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements.

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Strike or Investigation?

"Shall a nation-wide strike or an investigation under the government determine this issue?" queries the National Conference Committee of the Railways regarding the railroad strike proposed by the trainmen. That should be purely a rhetorical question. A nation-wide strike would paralyze the commerce of the country. It would throw out of employment thousands of workers. It would bring incalculable hardship not alone on the strikers and their families, but on every business, every family, dependent under the complex economic organization of the nation on interstate commerce. It is a thing scarcely to be thought of—a condition so desperate and dangerous that when the railroad employes of France sought to tie up the lines of that country the government itself stepped in and quelled the strike.

The railroads have proposed to arbitrate the questions at issue under the Federal act, which course has operated so favorably in the recent case of the telegraphers, or to refer it to the Interstate Commerce Commission. The employes, acting through their representatives, have refused to accept either way to avoid the open break. Yet it is not too late. If the ballots now being counted should empower the trainmen's leaders to call a strike, it would still be within their discretion to take the saner, wiser course of arbitration or Federal investigation.

There is more than the interests of the railroads as business enterprises at stake, more than the interests of the workers—there is the public's interest. In a particularly near and vital sense railroad service is public service; railway employes are public servants. All railroads and railroad managers have not recognized this in times past when making rates, grabbing franchises or selling watered stock to investors. But the railway managers appear to recognize it now. Therein they are wise. If the railway employes forget it for one moment they will be extremely foolish.

The public's interest in the maintenance of transportation facilities uninterrupted and safe should, and must, be paramount to the private interests of both parties to the controversy. By either agency the railroads have suggested the facts in the quarrel may be ascertained promptly and accurately. The trainmen have nothing to fear and everything to gain from such an inquiry—unless their demands are unreasonable and unjust. Why should they be unwilling to have the people who pay their wages—the general public—know the facts? Are their leaders willing to assume the grave responsibility of plunging the country into chaos, into almost certain violence approaching the gravity of warfare, rather than to accept the outcome of investigation by impartial government representatives?

Justly Executed.

After a fair trial, after a conviction which was based upon evidence that no human being could misunderstand or misinterpret, Roger Casement has been executed. His guilt was of the sort that no government and no people could pardon without destroying the whole fabric of national duty. His case was far different from that of those unfortunate Irishmen of Dublin who were executed after trial by summary court-martial and for rebellion against a government they had not accepted and for disregarding an allegiance they had not acknowledged.

Casement had been a servant, and an honored servant, of the British government. He had accepted position and title at the hands of the British people. In the hour of national peril and national difficulty he had gone to an enemy country and had given all the aid and comfort he could to that enemy country engaged in a war to destroy his own country.

More than this. Casement had returned to Ireland on a German boat and with arms in his hands to aid in a rebellion prepared in Berlin and designed not primarily to help Ireland but to serve Germany. He was captured, he was tried, fairly and openly, he was convicted and executed, as it was always inevitable that he would be captured, tried and executed.

It remains difficult to perceive on what basis of law or of justice Casement could have been pardoned. If there were some domestic purpose to be served by such a pardon, then the British government would have been warranted in pardoning him. But this was not the case. Rather it was plain that such a pardon would have the worst possible effect at home—it would have put a premium upon treason and given license to disloyalty.

No one will believe that any corrupt or sordid motive inspired Casement. He did not sell out his country as did Benedict Arnold; he did not betray it because of personal ambition or disappointment. But he did betray it, he did serve an alien and enemy nation against his own, he did come to Ireland bringing revolt, and he came from hostile Germany, whose ends he was serving.

There never was any illusion in Casement's mind about his own case. He knew what he was doing and what the consequences of capture would be. He faced the facts with real courage and he died bravely. But he deserved the death that came to him; there can be no just criticism of the course of the British government in this instance, and there never was the smallest excuse for any attempt in this country, officially or unofficially, to interfere in the operation of the domestic law of Great Britain.

Hot Weather Music.

Perhaps New York doesn't want real music in the summer time, but when 8,000 music lovers assemble as they did in Madison Square Garden for the last Civic Orchestra concert, there is evidently a demand for something. It was not exactly a light weight programme, either. An all-Wagner evening, with Mme. Gadski as the soloist, is a fairly solid dog-day diet. The truth seems to be, as Anton Seidl proved more years ago than we care to remember, and as a few others have intermittently shown since, the best of music calls loudly enough, season or no season.

Incidentally these Garden concerts are establishing one point not exactly surprising but still deserving the attention of some worthies; that is, the musicianly intelligence of the 8,000. We do not propose to insult them by saying that they are a better audience than the Metropolitan Opera assemblage. The handicap of the chatterers there is something that cannot be overcome save by tearing out the boxes and starting afresh, and it is not fair to blame the Metropolitan lack of musical atmosphere upon its general public. At the Garden music-loving New York, East Side, West Side and all around the town, rises in its might, unfettered, unadorned and occasionally unwashed; and you can hear a pin drop throughout the "Tristan" Vorspiel.

The complete moral may be too difficult to deduce in hot weather, but it seems to involve a certain amount of popular preference for the very best in art. Almost any sort of musical trash will satisfy a $2 spectator on Broadway. You have to give your mightiest to win a 10-cent audience at the Garden.

Allaying a Popular Panic.

Parents who are over-anxious about the dangers of poliomyelitis may find some consolation in the facts and figures set forth by Dr. Ira S. Wile in "American Medicine." He does not underrate the gravity of the outbreak, but only endeavors to show it in its proper relation to the commoner maladies, which, because they are commoner, cause little or no commotion.

Thus, referring to the effort to escape infection by flight, he remarks that "the large dilution of infantile paralysis cases in New York City due to the overwhelming population makes New York, even with the present epidemic, a reasonably safe place on the doctrine of probability of infection." This is made the more evident when it is considered that a single case in a community of 10,000 is equivalent to 560 cases in a city with the population of New York.

Again, supposing the present epidemic to involve 5,000 cases with a case mortality of 20 per cent, the death rate would be 17.8 per 100,000. That is indeed a considerable figure, but it must be remembered that the death rate from diphtheria in this city was 26.1 in 1913, and from diarrhœa and enteritis 73.5. But these diseases, being more familiar, continue to take their yearly toll without attracting general attention.

There is no doubt, however, that the horror of poliomyelitis is largely attributable to the dread of the consequent paralyses and deformities. On this point Dr. Wile says:

> "According to Wickman, at least 25 per cent are abortive cases without paralyses. Complete recovery, or at least functional recovery, occurs in certainly 25 per cent of the paralyzed cases. This will be increased as more rapid diagnosis and deformity-preventing treatment is instituted. The period of recovery of function may require one to four years' patient care. Assuming a mortality rate of 20 per cent, there will thus remain about 40 per cent with permanent deformities and impairments of function in varying degrees."

When the permanent disabilities that sometimes result from scarlatina, measles, rheumatic fever and other common diseases of childhood are considered it is clear that the apprehensions with regard to infantile paralysis are out of all proportion to the actual danger.

News for German-Americans.

One of our veracious and ever-vigilant German-American editors has made a wonderful discovery, at third hand, about the recent engagement off the Jutland Bank, which not only "shows conclusively who was the victor in the great battle," but incidentally exposes the tyranny and unneutrality of the American censor.

It took exactly seven weeks for this important piece of news to reach the German-Americans of New York. It is true that it was given out ostentatiously in the English papers on June 13, but our German-American editor unhappily overlooked the announcement, and is apparently unaware that it was reprinted in all the leading German newspapers. In fact, his keen eye first lit on it in a London newspaper, when some amusing German comments on the matter were reprinted by way of showing the "desperate efforts" the Germans were making "to maintain belief in the naval 'victory.'"

The British Admiralty's announcement was that three elderly admirals, namely, Sir George Egerton, Sir Frederick Inglefield and Sir Arthur Farquhar, had asked to be placed on the retired list "to make room for the promotion of younger officers who are rendering important services to the empire in this war." There is no reason to suppose that any of these admirals had anything to do with the Jutland affair, and their self-sacrifice was generally applauded in England as highly patriotic. But our German-American editor, with impudent mendacity, tells his readers that the news was not published in England until "The Times," being "at a loss how to inform its readers" that three admirals had been disgraced "on account of the naval battle," had recourse to "the stratagem of quoting from German papers and then questioning their conclusion."

The wickedness of American officialdom follows, of course; for it cannot be doubted that Berlin sent the news abroad by wireless, and "it is probable that the American censor at the wireless stations stopped all reference to this fact, as he invariably suppresses what he calls 'naval information.'" It is more probable, however, that the Berlin editors give their German-American colleagues credit for keeping their eyes open.

The Crimes of the Cat.

It is a very damning indictment which Mr. Edward Howe Forbush, state ornithologist of Massachusetts, draws against cats in the Journal of the American Museum of Natural History. There are twenty-five million cats in the United States, and those in New York State alone kill three-and-a-half million birds a year, he estimates. They have exterminated certain species of birds. They destroy frogs, rabbits, shrews, moles, toads and lizards; and if so many insect destroyers hadn't been cut off in their prime who knows but that the gypsy moth, the brown tailed moth and the elm tree beetle might have been kept in their proper place instead of erupting all over the face of nature and costing the State of Massachusetts $9,000,000 in one year? Expensive little fireside ornaments, you see.

If you must have a pet other than a dog or a pony or a baby, have something useful, suggests Mr. Forbush. A nice little shrew, for example, or a cold handful of toad, or perhaps a lizard or a salamander. We confess that ever since Mr. Kenneth Graham wrote about Mr. Toad in his "Wind in the Willows" we have entertained a rather amiable interest in the family. In addition to such companionship as you would get from your little friend you would have the satisfaction of knowing that he was nobly raiding the insect world in your behalf when not on duty in your lap. Licenses for cats is Mr. Forbush's demand. Such a system would cut their numbers in half, he believes.

There is something on the other side of the ledger. If we destroy the cats who destroy the toads who destroy the gypsy moths, who will be left to destroy the rats and mice? Irish terriers, you answer. An excellent idea if every cat destroyed should be replaced by a good ratter. But good ratters are not frequent even among terriers; and there are endless honest, law-abiding human beings, strange as it may seem, who will have a Tabby and will not have a dog. So the rats and mice would play, we fear, if any large raid upon cats were effected.

That is one reason why it will be hard for Mr. Forbush to prevail. And there are others. Cats utterly refuse to die; they propagate with miraculous efficiency and their defenders are legion. They have a way with them, a feline, feminine way, and there is no denying its lure. Many, many things and beings ought to be put out of any just and intelligent system, and yet they persist in this world of ours year after year. Hogs in the shape of men and cats in the shape of women, for example. Any little thing we can do to help Mr. Forbush we shall be glad to do. But his goal is the millennium, we fear.

Label the Live Wires!

(From The Louisville Courier-Journal.)

The death of Bishop Eveland, in Pennsylvania, as a result of his steel fishing rod touching a high tension wire when he was passing under a railroad bridge, should suggest the necessity for making the designation of the "live" wire compulsory.

The rule "let the label tell" is a good one as it is applied to a bottle of tomato sauce which has a preservative in it, or a pound of oleomargarine, which but for the label law might parade as butter. But the charged wire, which will kill instantly any one who comes into contact with it, may be strung pretty nearly anywhere and is unrecognizable.

Why shouldn't live wires be so colored or marked that it would be possible for any one to recognize them on sight?

When a wire falls in the street the safest course is to assume that it is live and treat it accordingly. But many persons fail to do so, and many of those who neglect to take abundant precaution pay for their incautiousness with their lives. Nobody can distinguish live wires from harmless ones in the network of wires that every city permits to injure its appearance and endanger the lives of its inhabitants. Why not force persons who are responsible for live wires to so designate them that every one will know them?

The "Stop! Look! Listen!" signs at unguarded grade crossings are not adequate safety devices, but they are better than nothing. There is nothing to warn the unwary against the risk of being electrocuted by a charged wire.

The Hollyhock.

(From The Providence Journal.)

The hollyhock is in bloom in Rhode Island. It lifts its tall head above the wall of many a pleasant garden.

The hollyhock gets its name from two words that indicate its origin in the Holy Land, and its membership in the mallow family. But apparently it was known in India before it flung its cheerful banners to the air in Palestine. Wherever its first home was, it has become thoroughly acclimated in New England. We think of it as a characteristic New England flower. It decorates our Colonial history, almost back to the days of Governor Bradford and Roger Williams. It is forever peering out of the pages of New England fiction and poetry. There is no flower that more completely embodies the spirit of our eighteenth century romance.

Some of the old Colonial blossoms are shy and modest, but the hollyhock has the courage of its convictions. It knows its beauty, as it should, and has no mind to hide it under a bushel or beneath a hedgerow. It is the province of loveliness to display itself, not vauntingly, but with a due sense of its worth. And the hollyhock, the stateliest of our "old-fashioned" flowers, aspires unabashed.

In two books of "popular quotations" there is no reference to the hollyhock, though the nolly has its fair share of spage. But it can afford to be thus ostracized.

A FIRM AND STABLE PRESIDENT

Mr. Hughes's Mind Rated Sound, Practical and Powerful.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It is impossible to carefully consider the Hon. Charles E. Hughes's speech of acceptance without the conviction that his election to the Presidency will secure for the country a thoroughly efficient and candid business administration.

We are so used to glorious promises in the past that have mostly turned out to be merely "scraps of paper" that it is refreshing to behold, for a change, declarations of sound and practical principles without phosphorescent glimmer—

Because the Presidency of the United States is a man's job, we want a man for this office who loves peace, but is not "too proud to fight," and the country can be congratulated on now having the opportunity to secure a powerful mind to guide the destiny of the nation and to rectify the mistaken policies of the past.

May the people as a whole be sure to recognize that a firm and stable government, with the rejuvenation of the country politically, will be the result of Mr. Hughes's election.

FRITZ NORRBY.

Morristown, N. J., July 2, 1916.

Orange County's "Enfants Terribles."

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: What Dr. F. W. Seward, jr., said in his recent letter to you correctly phrases the conclusions of Progressives and independents in this end of Orange County as well as it does those of the 2d Assembly District of Orange. So far as the action of the Republican County Committee in indorsing the two men it did indorse for State Senator and the Assemblyman for the 1st District is concerned, Dr. Seward correctly expresses the judgment of the decent Republicans of the county.

Of course, we know the farce of indorsing these two men was the action of the infant class in politics. But these fellows are "les enfants terribles," and we can't afford to smile at their antics. Too much crockery is likely to be broken if we do. Moreover, the standard of morals set up is a bit too low to permit of any one fit to be outside a jail approving of it.

The boasted super-morality of the G. O. P. has received a staggering blow hereabouts as the result of the action of this committee in indorsing these candidates. It is scarcely credible that the decent Republicans of Orange County will ratify at the primaries the idiotic action of their county committee. If they do, then something very unpleasant is going to happen to the G. O. P. in this county. Not only will the Albany representative part of the ticket feel the wrath of an outraged public opinion, but the state and national ticket will feel it as well.

Governor Whitman isn't any too popular in this section. If you add to this indignation over local candidates, it is easy enough to figure out the load Hughes will have to carry hereabouts. Already there are signs here of a change in the tide for Hughes among Progressives, and even Republicans. The non-partisans are particularly strong in this city. They brought about the change in government from the outgrown Federal form to the new and modern one of commission-city manager form. They have the confidence of a majority of the folks in this section in their honesty, impartiality and determination to get good government. And they are fighters.

If the two men indorsed by the infantile Republican County Committee are jammed through the primaries in Orange County a red-hot revolt led by the non-partisans may be looked for. When the returns come in next November the G. O. P. in Orange County won't look quite so pretty, but it will know a heap more, like the fellow who would insist on monkeying with a mule.

W. M. S.

Newburgh, N. Y., Aug. 1, 1916.

Why Object to German-American Support?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your editorial comments on Mr. Hughes's address last night not only astonish, but, to say the least, disappoint me. Anybody who has read carefully his very clear and logical speech cannot for a moment doubt his sincere sentiments on the great questions involved. Neither is it at all necessary to read between the lines. Even Colonel Roosevelt, who certainly (and you, Mr. Editor, must admit this) has used some very strong words in regard to the German question, especially the Lusitania case, approves of all that Mr. Hughes said. Not only that, but Mr. Roosevelt approves and is heartily in favor of the man behind the words, which is more important, perhaps, than anything else at issue.

As to the German-American support, on what grounds do you, Mr. Editor, object to their support? These people honor and respect him, and know they will receive no special favors from Mr. Hughes. They know full well that Mr. Hughes would not recall a man like Mr. Herrick in the face of a difficult situation, irrespective of party affiliations. They also know the stand Mr. Hughes would take in another Lusitania case, should a similar calamity again occur. For the above reasons, therefore, please quit nagging. Thus far you have given him only half-hearted support. You have continually hinted that you are not in favor of him, but are simply choosing the lesser of two evils, and have made matters quite unpleasant for all concerned. See the error of your ways and support him as you have supported no other candidate. Personally, I regret just one thing, which is that I was unable to vote for Mr. Hughes as Governor—I was not of voting age.

JOSEPH IRVING HERMANN.

New York, Aug. 1, 1916.

General Apathy.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: That Tribune slogan, "Mr. Hughes will make a better President than Mr. Wilson," assigns General Apathy to command your forces and the Republican party with all it stands for goes by the board.

Carrying on like that because of foreign ideals hardly supports America first, but even so you uphold with broken arms and palsied tongue the standard bearer of the Republicans and must be accorded credit for that little bit of conscience lurking somewhere untinged.

None could more sincerely regret the locoed condition unfolded in to-day's editorial than your constant reader and Republican friend.

C. A. KEHRWIEDER.

New York, Aug. 1, 1916.

Unswallowed, Thank You.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your attitude regarding the hyphenated question has been 100 per cent American until yesterday, August 1. What's happened? Has The Tribune swallowed the hyphen, or has the hyphen swallowed The Tribune?

Your editorial of yesterday indorsing Mr. Hughes would indicate that The Tribune is ready to forget Americanism in order to follow the grand old party, hyphens and all.

J. M. HOLMES.

Brooklyn, Aug. 2, 1916.

A Vote for Wilson.

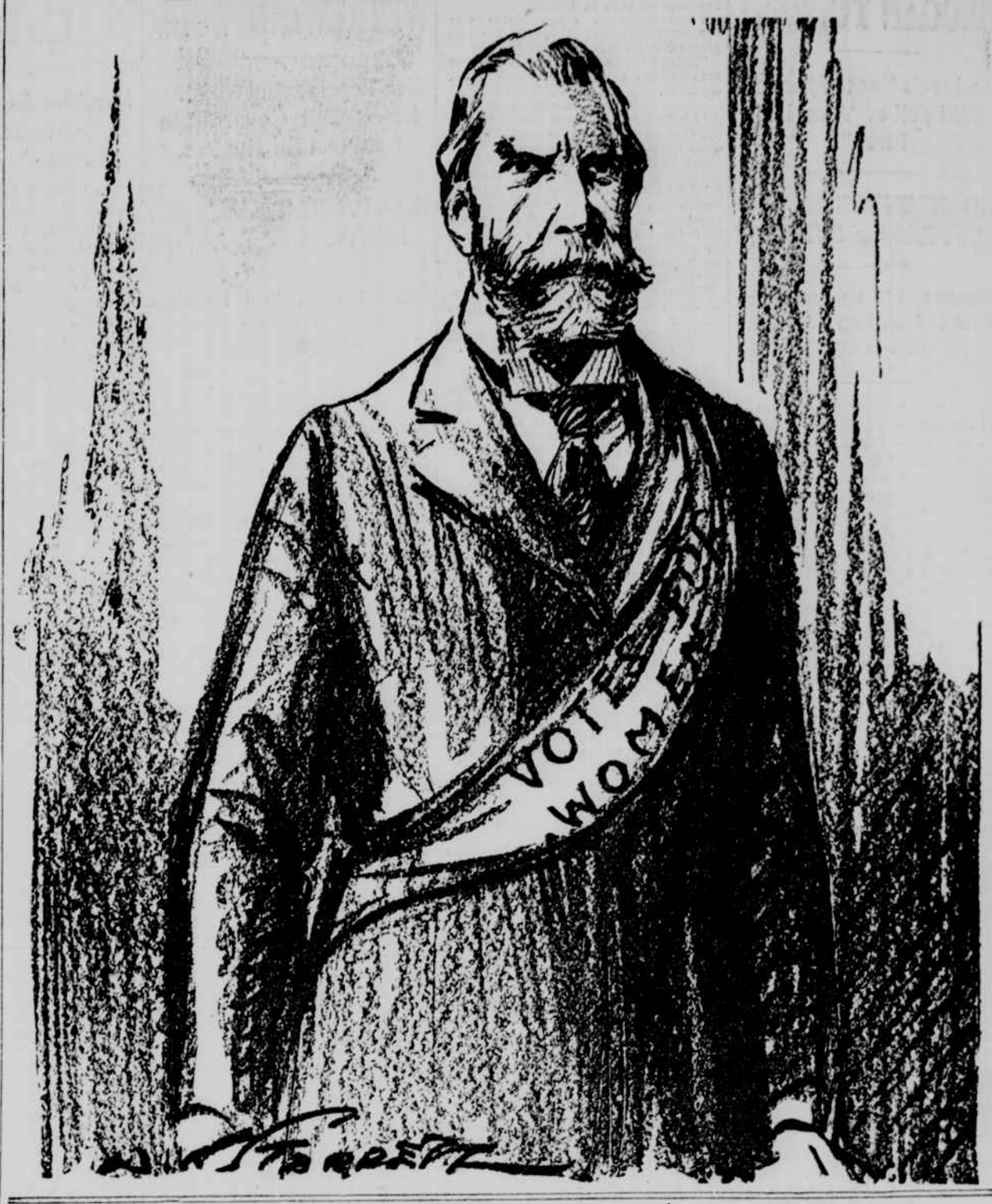
To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I did not vote for President Wilson in 1912. I did not expect to vote for him this year. But Mr. Hughes's mean and petty attempt to make political capital out of the Mexican situation has enabled me to reach a decision. I shall gladly vote for Mr. Wilson on his Mexican record.

ANTI-BRYAN DEMOCRAT.

New York, Aug. 1, 19[illegible]

AN ISSUE SQUARELY MET.



TRAVEL IN ENGLAND

Reporting at the Nearest Police Station Punctuates Each Day's Activities—The Identity Book That Has to Be Stamped Whenever You Go Outside of London Even for a Night.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The conditions which govern travel in England this year are quite different from those of 1915. These conditions are practically unknown to people in America, and many persons whose business is not of the most urgent character would most likely avoid going abroad if aware of the inquisitorial and annoying interviews with the police which they must undergo. The relation of my experience will convey some idea of the present laws relating to aliens.

When I landed in Liverpool I went straight to London. I was there a day and accidentally learned that I should have reported myself to the police at once upon arrival. I then went to the Vine Street police station and reported. After waiting over half an hour until other "neutrals" who were before me had been attended to, I was reproached by the officer in charge of the office for not having reported before, was given a "form" to fill out and told to call again the next day. I called as requested and was given an "identity book" (one shilling, please). In this was registered the place of birth of the applicant, date of birth, names of father and mother, and where each was born, my business in England at this time, whether married or single—in all about twenty questions. Besides, I had to give the names and addresses of two British-born householders who knew me and supply the police with two photographs of myself, one to be retained by them and the other to be put in the book. Of course, signing my name many times here and there in the book and on different "forms" must not be overlooked. Later in the day, or early next day, I had to call and get the book, when the names given as references were verified.

It must be remembered that each visit requires from half an hour to an hour of preliminary waiting in a gloomy room and in company which, sometimes, is not very desirable. The officials were civil, and, on the whole, considerate. That my passport had to be shown goes without saying.

Now, there is nothing in all this, other than ordinary precaution, but when one goes outside of London for the night, or to a friend's house for the week-end, one must report to the police before departure and have the book stamped, report to the local police upon arrival, book stamped again, and report to the London police upon return and have the book stamped once more. I had to go to Glasgow. Before I left London on the sleeper I had to have my identification book stamped again by the police. When I arrived in Glasgow I had to go to the nearest police station and have my book stamped; besides, I had to wait my turn in a very small space among a lot of other travellers, and then, after these were disposed of, I was interrogated all over again, had to sign my name and so on.

When I returned to London next day I concluded that life was too long and too lovely to be worried by police regulations, so I engaged passage by the first steamer which left Liverpool. I thought that I would go there the day before sailing in order that I might see one or two old friends. What a mistake! Although I was embarking for America in the morning of the next day, I received a grilling which will always remain vividly impressed upon my memory. Every conceivable question was asked me, to which I replied as calmly as rising indignation would permit. The examiner was quite hard of hearing, got my name wrong, though it was plainly written in the book, and asked me no end of foolish questions.

Finally he went to a room inside, and after some minutes returned with a sharp-nosed man who said, "You stated that you have known these two men in London (British-born subjects) about thirty years?" "Yes, I did." "But you only landed here on July 8 this year!" "I may have been in England in previous years; besides, unless this statement was true I could not have obtained the card from the London police." He admitted this and passed me on to another man who would not stamp the card without an impression of my thumb, like any common criminal! This reflects on the common sense of the authorities, and will always be looked upon by the victims as a gross humiliation and insult. I was going to New York the next day, so why all this bother? I showed the official my passport, also my ticket to New York. In mitigation of the curious conduct of the Liverpool official I am forced to presume that the proceedings were new to him, and he was anxious to be correct. But why an examination at every police station when the stranger can produce his passport and book?

O. K.

New York, Aug. 1, 1916.

Dirty Schoolrooms.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The present scourge of infantile paralysis is causing a belated effort at cleaning up the city. If the disease is still prevalent will there not be grave danger in opening the schools in September if the present condition of the school houses continues?

From personal experience I know the conditions of three school houses, which may or may not be typical of conditions throughout the city. One is a former primary school used as a high school annex, one is a grammar and primary school with one floor used as a high school annex and one is a high school into which by three overlapping sessions over 4,000 pupils, exclusive of the evening school, are closely crowded. In the last eight years these buildings have never received any cleaning except dry sweeping with long handled brushes, except that there is a rumor that during Easter vacations the floors are washed.

I have two or three times imagined that I saw traces of soap and water cleaning on returning after this vacation. The daily method of cleaning is as follows: As soon as the regular session is over the janitor's assistants appear with their long handled brushes. One whack at each side of each step cleans the stairs. The rooms are fairly well swept, except under the desks or wherever it might be difficult to fling the brush. Those walking through the corridors going home a few minutes late hurry or hold their breath as they push through the clouds of dust.

In the high schools the boards are washed at present often enough so that they are generally fairly clean. In the high school floor of the grammar school building the boards are never washed. When I asked the reason of this I was told that in grammar schools the boards were never washed, only in high schools, and as we were using a grammar school floor our boards were not washed.

Nothing is ever dusted. The method employed is to sweep the room, shut the door and let the dust settle. It settles, so that as soon as one arrives at school in the morning and touches two or three articles in the room one's hands are grimy with dirt. On second thought, I believe I have seen occasional feather dusters being used. Their sanitary value is well known.

Add to these conditions the fact that at least nine rooms seating from thirty to forty pupils each are basement rooms, in most of which artificial light is necessary in the brightest spring days, and it seems to me that we have in at least some of the schools of our largest city almost ideal conditions for propagating any disease for which dust and lack of sunlight furnish a breeding ground.

It seems to me that people in general ought to know of these conditions. The teachers are powerless to change them.

HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER.

New York, July 25, 1916.

Republican Personalities.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have just finished reading the article in your paper by Edward G. Longman. I failed to find anything new in it whatever, but just the same old ridiculous arguments advanced by dyed-in-the-wool partisans. In the case of President Wilson it may truly be said: "We love him for the enemies he has made." Famished as the disciples of Republicanism are for a real issue to be used against President Wilson, they are compelled to fall back on personalities such as schoolmaster, theorist and doctor. The bitter partisanship is so thinly screened in the use of these epithets, the writers of them do nothing more than to expose their own position.

EDWARD F. CAMP.

Newark, N. J., July 31, 1916.

FOR THE PEOPLE

Suggestions for Railway Improvement in Answer to Mr. Shonts.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: "Shall New York street railways be run for the people of New York?" is the heading of an advertisement signed by Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, president of the New York Street Railways Company.

Not having had time to read the remainder of the advertisement, but accepting it as evidence of incipient reform on the part of the railways company, I would like to answer, without a wink, right off the bat, "Yes!"

It is certainly reassuring to a long suffering public to have railway officials thus seeking, at great expense to themselves or their corporations, through the medium of the press, the trend of public opinion on these matters pertaining to safety and comfort in city transportation by pertinent inquiries of this nature.

Vanderbilt would have said, "The public (people) be damned," but the world "do move," and we are, I take it from the heading of the ad, about to hear of great reforms in railway management in this city, and this is a precautionary measure to preserve the nerves of the overwrought straphangers by breaking the news gently to them. "Shall New York railways be run for the people of New York?"

Well! that's going some.

If it means anything (sic) it means that there will be no more overcrowded street cars.

No more straphanging.

No more stopping in the middle of the block.

No more dirty cars.

No more impolite conductors.

No more "step lively."

No more "take the next car forward."

No more of these nuisances of any kind whatever, but cars every two minutes, a seat for every one, Chesterfieldian conductors and a transfer at every cross line.

If the heading of the aforesaid advertisement is intended for a straw vote, I would like to vote "aye" before the polls close.

A STRAPHANGER.

Flushing, N. Y., Aug. 3, 1916.

Our Worst Enemies at Home.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Far more dangerous to the peace and welfare of our country than all foreign enemies combined are those men whose selfishness is so intense as to override all consideration of the extreme inconvenience and great financial loss to the public occasioned by their outrageous strikes.

They are so anarchistic in spirit and effect I wonder that such ungodly combinations have not long ago been outlawed by all civilized governments.

I have watched the operations of their leaders all over the world for over forty years, and a more narrow, evil-minded class of disturbers of the peace do not exist.

They are the worst enemies of honest labor, and unionism is a conspiracy against all governments based upon Christian principles.

I am as strongly opposed to all the wrongs inflicted by capital as any one can be, and the fact that I served five years as a Union soldier in the Civil War will show where I stand when our inalienable rights are invaded.

NEWTON H. CHITTENDEN.

Alpine, N. J., Aug. 2, 1916.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" in Movies.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I am in sympathy with your correspondent, W. C. F.'s, communication headed "Compulsory Patriotism," appearing in your issue of to-day. An ordinance compelling a semblance of patriotism under threat of prosecution on non-compliance would, to my thinking, be very undesirable. Yet when the national anthem is played the respect of standing up, uncovered, should be shown by all present, citizen or otherwise.

I would suggest that in all picture show establishments not only should there be the playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" on a piano, and that by well qualified performers, but that the words and music be shown on the curtain and a cornet player lead with the correct rendering of the air and that with vim. The audience therefore being able to intelligently and correctly join together in singing the anthem, not perfunctorily, from start to finsh, would thus be taught and the hyphenates who imperfectly speak English will be benefited and made more patriotic.

JOHN CASSIDY.

Binghamton, N. Y., July 27, 1916.